

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

OF is the fall of a sword a man
As to be hated needs should be seen.
But seen too oft, too often urged to try,
We find, endure, then, criticism, then try.

Time was when I used to go over and look at the suits of armor in the Corcoran Art Gallery and think how far ahead the world has forged since people put on things like that. I used to get quite puffed up thinking how no modern human would consent for a moment to wearing things you have to get out of with a can opener. That was before I went with Caroline to her corsetiere, and now I don't know at all what the world is coming to. Caroline used to wear a girdle, an arrangement of satin ribbon and whalebones, but what Caroline is spending her money on now is a corset. Outwardly it has a general resemblance to the bodice of an evening gown, and it reaches from Caroline's collar bone to points at least two feet below either hip, and from one end to the other it is boned and counter-boned, and stitched and stitched till a bullet wouldn't pierce it anywhere. It gives her a figure like a fashion plate, and without the slightest regard to the outlines Caroline has acquired during the course of time. When the corsetiere had put her into it, and laced and laced till I was perfectly sure Caroline's ribs would snap in another minute, Caroline turned to me proudly: "Lovely, isn't it?" she said.

I confessed it.
"But how are you going to breathe inside it?" I asked.
"Breathe!" said Caroline, "I'm not going to breathe. Who wants to breathe, anyway?"

I'm sure I don't know. The only thing I'm sure of is that you've got to give up the habit of breathing, and even after you've done that, I don't see how you'll manage unless you give up eating, too.

I often wonder what becomes of the women who are out of fashion. It would seem, to a man from Mars, say, that there must be some of us who can't make ourselves over every year or two. There must be some of us hung up in Bluebeard closets somewhere, but I don't recall anybody who has disappeared. Time was when everybody's shoulders drooped a little, and waists, if they were longer in the back than in the front, at least ran straight around. But who sees a woman with a figure like that now? Everybody's straight-fronted and tipped forward till even grandmothers go jauntily. And this year, in addition to being straight-fronted, everybody's straight-sided, from the waist down. Where are the women who can't melt themselves down and pour themselves into new molds? Does chagrin keep them hidden from public gaze? Haven't anybody bones that can't be shaved wherever Fashion thinks they ought to belong? Where are the women who are out of fashion, and where, O where is the hand that so vainly swore only a few years ago that lacing was a fashion women were too sensible to revive?

I hear from the banks of the Hudson that not all the minor details of the Upton Sinclair colony have as yet been satisfactorily arranged. At the beginning, it was decided that no persons of the servant class—though the colonists object to speaking of "classes"—should be admitted to the colony. Cooking and scrubbing and housework in general were to be done by persons who had sufficient refinement to be received as the social equals of the colonists. They were to be Vassar and Wellesley women who had a natural love for pots and pans. Now, my friend, who is waiting till things are fixed before she joins the colony, writes me that curiously enough scarcely anyone with the necessary intellectual and spiritual qualifications has applied for a kitchen job. Plain ordinary housework have offered their services, but unhappily they were of the servant class and couldn't be allowed to chum with the colonists. It is confidently expected that plenty of people of exactly the right sort will be found very soon, but at present the alumnae are behaving in a very shy way. To the carpenter mind, if it isn't to laugh, it is at least to grin a little.

"Is the Constitution of these United States authoritative in the matter of grammar and spelling?" a teacher in a local private school asked me yesterday. "If it is, I want to know it, and if it isn't, I want to know that, too. Grammar and spelling aren't my subjects, but one of the other teachers was ill last week and I had to take her classes. 'Choosing' was one of the words in the spelling lesson. I had the class spell orally, and that would lead to a timid looking little girl of possibly thirteen. She spelled it 'chusing.' Next," I said, she held up her hand. I was astonished when I heard her voice. It was the biggest and deepest voice I ever heard from a small girl, and it had a stately ring to it. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but the Constitution spells it 'chusing.'"

"Our spelling-book and the dictionary give it 'choosing,' I said.
"She waved her hand, that thirteen-year-old girl, and looked at me as if she felt infinite pity for me.
"I know it," she said, "but the Constitution says 'chusing.' I read it last night. I'd rather follow the Constitution than any spelling-book."
"Of course," that threw the matter into the plane of higher patriotism, and all I could say was "Very well."
"After the class I saw a look in her eye that told me she didn't mean to submit without a protest to getting a black mark against 'chusing,' and I fairly ran away from her. I hoped she wouldn't show up in the grammar class, but she did. The class had a number of words to put into sentences. 'Senate' was one of them. The sentence that girl wrote on the blackboard was:
"The Senate are not in session."
"Say 'is,' I said. The Senate is it's singular.
"She shook her head.
"The Constitution says it's plural," she said. And then she quoted:
"The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote, unless they are equally divided."
"They must mean Senate," she exclaimed. "It couldn't refer to States. Senate is a plural noun."
"I had to give it up," I told her to wait till the regular teacher came back and ask her. I felt that if I held out for 'is' that child would have me hanged for treason. I stand by the Constitution, but I'm not going to teach any class with that extraordinary youngster in it again till I've consulted a Constitutional lawyer to find out all the ramifications and limitations of its authority."

They were standing on the corner with in earshot of me as a motor car whizzed by.

"Wasn't that Mrs. Dash?" asked the woman in brown.

"No," said the woman in green.
"I thought it was," the first went on.
"I heard she had a new car," I fairly told the woman in green sniffling.
"She has," she said. "It's a Connecticut Avenue car."

Talking about cars, reminds me of a plump and earnest looking little woman who sat near me coming down from

Georgetown the other day. She was telling her companion all about herself, and I could not choose but hear.
"Yes," she said, "I go to the gymnasium twice a week now, and I've lost nearly three-quarters of a pound. They teach us a lot of things there, too. We've been having special lessons on how to get off a car that hasn't stopped."

She explained the method in detail.
"It's perfectly easy when you know how," she concluded.

The car slowed down just then in answer to her signal, and she rushed for the platform.
"This is the way," she said to her friend, and disregarding the conductor's warning, she hopped. I know perfectly well you expect me to say that she landed in a heap and banged herself up, but she didn't. She alighted like a bird, and it was as pretty a sight as I've seen in weeks. Evidently, they do teach things at that gymnasium.

Before she went home with her husband last week—he was going home to vote—the lady from New York unfolded me a plan for outwitting her lord and master that gave me a new understanding of the risk a man runs when he lets himself be married. She has been all along a most ardent supporter of gubernatorial candidates whose name begins with H, and her husband has announced from the first his intention for voting the opposing ticket.

"I never argue about politics," she said to me, "and it wouldn't do any good if I did, but I'm just bound and determined George shall not vote the way he thinks he's going to. I know how he does. He always waits till the very last minute about everything, and he won't vote till late in the afternoon. We've already arranged to motor out to Westchester on election day, and I know George will wait to cast his vote till we come back. I've fixed it with the chauffeur. He's agreed to have something happen to the motor car, and we won't get back till the polls are closed. Lovely idea, isn't it?"

I saw her yesterday and asked her whether the chauffeur had managed it.
"O, yes," she said. "He kept his word. We broke down five miles from nowhere and there we stayed for an hour. George was as patient as could be for the first half of the hour, but after that I could see he was getting nervous. I tried not to laugh, and when we started on again, too late for George to get his vote in, I said I was awfully sorry he'd lost his vote. "I wasn't worrying about that," he said. "I was afraid you'd take cold. I went out and voted this morning before you were up."

THE CHAFING-DISH AND OTHER THINGS

Now that cold evenings have arrived, the chafing-dish is restored to its seasonable popularity. The amateur cook does not depend entirely upon her forethought in providing oysters, and lobster, and cheese for rarebit, but is skillful in utilizing the resources of the larder in getting up impromptu suppers.

Nothing is nicer than to slice cold meat—especially ham or lamb—and serve in a hot sauce, made of melted butter and current jelly, in the chafing-dish. A small quantity of hot water will facilitate the melting of the jelly.
The ornate, long-handled spoon and fork accessory to a chafing-dish outfit is a delusion and a snare. There is nothing like a stiff little tablespoon, such as our grandmothers used—for collecting the material that lurks in the angle of a chafing-dish in readiness to stick or scorch.
For quick cooking, it is better to dispense with the hot water pan and, with a moderate alcohol flame, use the chafing-dish as an old-fashioned blazer, unless you are chafy of destroying the immaculate bottom of the receptacle.

A good thing to remember is to dispense with the pretty little white dolly that most women like to see on the chafing-dish tray, for this same dolly is very apt to catch fire in case a gust of wind from a sudden open door starts the flame in a sportive side descent or flare.

People who are buying California canned goods in any quantity this year, realize how limited are the resources of even gigantic industries in the face of a calamity like the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

The canning factories in filling their Eastern orders, were forced to resort to all sorts of expedients for the shipment of their goods. As a consequence, asparagus tips are put up in tomato cans, fruit comes under a label of soup, and condensed milk masquerades as beans. All these misplacements would be confusing in the extreme if the buyer had only the paper illustration on the outside of the can to trust, but as it is, a secondary label is pasted as a guide to consumers, calling attention to the substitution.

If one desires to serve a choice novelty at the Thanksgiving dinner, the following entree is recommended:
Remove the centers from Spanish onions, and fill with bread crumbs and chopped pecan nuts moistened with highly seasoned stock. Cover with cream sauce and bake. It is the finest imaginable accompaniment to ruddy duck.

When the long drawing room lace curtains wear out, an attractive way to utilize them in an upper-story-room is to hang them upside down from the pole to the window sill. In this way the bottom border of the curtain—always the handsomest part—falls over the pole in front, making an attractive full balance that completely hides the worn section of the curtain. Rings and pins should be dispensed with, and the curtains gathered on the pole.

Persons who dress in mourning and are troubled over the gray and glossy appearance of black silk waists and hats, when the newness begins to wear off, will be glad to know how successfully they are refreshed by rubbing with a black wax, moistened with alcohol.
Also, there is nothing like applying a frequent coat of bottled shoe polish to black straw or chip hats that refuse to yield up dust to the brush broom.

When tan shoes lose their early glory and do not polish successfully, a wise plan is to take them to a shoemaker and for 50 cents have him transform them into black shoes. It will be found an entirely satisfactory piece of work, as the shoes will not shed their black in the heaviest rainstorm.

SLAVES AT THE LAST.
Like Patrick Henry, I've always said I'd sooner die for Liberty than fill a patriot's grave!

My wife, she, too, has always been for Liberty a stickler.
The very latest brand at that.
On this point she's positive!

I well recall when we were wed:
Would she obey? Not one!
No such vows would ever make
In this age of Liberty!

Times change! For now, alas, I find,
No longer are we free;
We're both ruled by a tyrant hold—
His age is "coming."
—Bushman Magazine.

SMOKING AMONG THE LADIES IN ENGLAND

The universality of the smoking habit among English ladies of the best class is shown by the London and Northwestern Railway having put regular smoking carriages for ladies upon all of its big trains. The cigarette habit is by no means confined to the fast set in England. All of the smart women, even the granddaughters of the late Queen. It is perhaps unnecessary to state, however, that they never smoked in the presence of that august lady. It is not the fashion for ladies to smoke at the dinner table with the gentlemen. The Englishman still retains his ancient prerogative of sitting over the wine with his men friends only after dinner. Ladies usually retire to the smoking-room, where presently they are joined by the gentlemen, and then, if at all, the joint smoking takes place. It is no longer reckoned in the least fast for a woman to smoke, and among the smoking ladies may be found the steadiest and most conservative British matrons and perfectly well-behaved young English girls.

One of the singular differences between England and America is that in many respects English women have far more license than American women. It is part of the duty of every political candidate's wife and daughters to address public meetings and to take a very active part in the canvass for votes. Ladies address the roughest class of voters and seem to feel no embarrassment at the strange surroundings in which they find themselves. Nor do they hesitate to appear on the platform before immense gatherings which would "heckle" the candidate unmercifully, but who listen good humoredly to his wife. One of the most successful campaigners among English women gave this as her formula of success:

"I talk, but do not say anything; I wear a beautiful gown, smile as sweetly as I can, and how to everybody who will how to me. That is what I call an able and effective address to the voters."

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.

Miss Marion Giddings, 215 H street north-east. After the recent business meeting the evening was devoted to games and music. Those present were Misses K. Slater, E. Appleby, S. Breslin, E. Harding, and Messrs. Phelps, Adams, Willett, Chase, and Bricker.

The Woman's League meeting at the Arlington Hotel on Friday morning, November 9, was well attended by officers and directors. Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, the vice president, was in the chair. Reports were given by the trustees who attended the last meeting at the Republic. Mrs. Sarah Hall Johnston spoke of the work being done in the Republic school with the new supply of text books which have been furnished, and of her enjoyment in visiting the school.

There was much enthusiasm over the recommendation of Mr. Eugene Stevens, a new member of the board of trustees, who with Dr. Munson have been made a committee on the management of the farm, where many reforms are sorely needed. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Merwin called a meeting of the committees or the ball of the States, to be held in the interest of the Republic at the Arlington Hotel on the 15th of January next. They committees will be announced later.

Mrs. Evelyn Clark Morgan, who has been passing several months in the Adirondacks and visiting friends in New Jersey, is now located at 1401 Massachusetts avenue.

Mr. Howard W. Stabler, of 2434 Pennsylvania avenue, has just returned from a two weeks' trip to New York City and the East.

LUNCH AND BAZAAR.

Interesting Function in Aid of Staromont Auxiliary for Consumptives.

The Staromont Auxiliary, an organization formed for the purpose of assisting consumptives in taking treatment at the Staromont Sanitarium, has completed arrangements for a lunch and bazaar, to be held at the home of the president, Mrs. A. P. Clark, Jr., 1724 Lanier Place north-west, on Friday and Saturday, November 16 and 17, from 11 until 9 o'clock p. m. A dolls' Reception will be held in the drawing-room, in charge of Mrs. William Wirt, Mrs. W. J. Zeh, and Mrs. James Darrach. In the library an attractive art table will be presided over by Mrs. Frederick Parker, Mrs. LeRoy C. Parker, Mrs. Edmund Mallet, and Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher. Mrs. Archibald McLachlan, Mrs. W. C. Monroe, Mrs. D. C. Turner, and Mrs. P. T. Chase have charge of the miscellaneous fancy table, while Mrs. Thomas O. Henry, Mrs. Walter Dodge, and Mrs. George Rees will dispose of aprons, caps, &c. A candy table in the hall will be under the supervision of Mrs. H. B. Johnston, Mrs. Thomas Dobyns, Mrs. Anderson B. Lacey, and Mrs. Guy Johnson, and home-made preserves, jellies, &c., will be in charge of Mrs. William Thatcher and Mrs. G. N. Dana.

Lemonade will be dispensed in an upper balcony, and a Chinese laundry will offer mysterious bundles in exchange for the proper checks.
A light lunch of salads, ices, home-made cakes, &c., will be served in the dining-room, under the direction of Mrs. S. E. Lewis, Mrs. W. R. Myers, Mrs. John Wirt and other ladies.
Several valuable articles will be raffled, among them a curious robe of an Indian squaw, fashioned of skin, fringed and beaded.

The officers of the Staromont Auxiliary are: Mrs. A. P. Clark, Jr., president; Mrs. George Sternberg and Mrs. Archibald McLachlan, vice presidents; Mrs. Anderson B. Lacey, recording secretary; Mrs. George Rees, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Frederick Parker, treasurer.

ALEXANDRIA SOCIAL NOTES.

Mrs. William J. Boothe, Jr., left on Wednesday for a short visit to friends in Warrenton, Va.

Miss Florida Brown, of Charlestown, W. Va., is the guest of Mrs. C. W. Watlies, on Prince street.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Lucy Chandlee Leadbeater, daughter of Mrs. Edward S. Leadbeater, to Mr. Laurence Stabler, of the city. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday, November 23, at 8:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Smoot have returned from a short visit to New York City.

Miss Helen Cummings is in Richmond on business for the Woman's Auxiliary.

The Alexandria Golf Club was the scene of another delightful card party on Wednesday. Euchre was played, and the prizes were won by Miss Mary Agnew, Mrs. E. E. Dunn, and Mrs. Henry Robertson.

Mrs. Thomas W. Robinson has moved into her recently purchased home on the corner of Washington and Orono streets. This beautiful colonial home was owned by Edmund I. Lee, brother of Lighthouse Harry Lee.

Mrs. Louis S. Scott entertained at three tables of bridge on Monday afternoon. The top score was made by Mrs. W. J. Boothe, Jr. Among those present were Madames

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Brent, Cabell, Rowie, Ashby, Boothe, Brockett, Chas. W. Stabler, Jones, Robertson, and Miss McDonald.

Miss Sue Webb, of Petersburg, Va., is the guest of Mrs. Gardner Booth, on South Columbus street.

Mrs. L. W. Reid, chairman of the Alexandria Circle of Colonial Dames, entertained her Circle of Colonial Dames very handsomely on Tuesday evening at her residence on Duke Street. She was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. E. E. Dunn, Mrs. Louis Greene, and Mrs. Gardner Boothe. Among the Colonial Dames present were Mesdames Morton, Boothe, Jamieson, Powell, Dunn, and Miss Hetzel.

The Daughters of the American Revolution were invited to meet the circle after the business was transacted. The members of the D. A. R. present were Mesdames Fuller, Monroe, Watties, Uhler, Cabell, Smoot, Snowden, Foster and the Misses Ashton and McDonald.

Holds Record for Errors.
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

A grammarian was talking about grammatical slips that, through their magnitude, merited immortality.

"There is one sentence," he said, "that has lived for a hundred years on account of its tremendous incorrectness. In this sentence every word, every single word, is ungrammatical. It's hard to beat that, isn't it?"

"The sentence was spoken by a little girl in a sheep pasture. Looking at the docks, she said to the shepherd:
"Is them sheeps yours?"

"This sentence, with every word in correct, holds the record in its class."

Not a Bad Thing.
From the Dallas News.

We are going to have in this country some new party alignments. It will be a good thing, and not a bad thing.

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CHURCH NOTICES.

UNITARIAN.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH, cor. 14th and L sts. nw. Ulysses G. R. Pierce, minister, 9:30, Sunday school and class for the comparative study of religion, 10, Unity Study class, 11, morning service, sermon by the minister, 3 p. m., memorial service in the chapel for Maria Hot Forbes, 7:30 p. m., Young People's Religious Union.

CHRISTIAN.

NINTH STREET, 9TH AND D STS. NE, REV. B. E. Uza, supply pastor—Services 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. not-sd-8-11

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Little Money Spent.

From the Boston Herald.
As a matter of fact, there probably hasn't been an election for years in which less money was spent, legitimately or otherwise, than in that of this year. This observation applies to conditions all along the lines and on both sides of the fence.

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